

FOUR CARDS.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

Evelyn Hesketh was the only child of a retired merchant, who had made and only half spent a very handsome fortune, so that he could sleep undisturbed, as to money matters, in the beautiful little estate he had bought in one of the home counties. At first he had taken a keen interest in farming and looking after his place, while his daughter had endeared herself to every man, woman and child in the parish by her kind sympathy with the afflicted, her perfect nursing of the sick and her attention to all the old people in matters relating to snuff, tobacco, tea and often warmer comforts in the way of materials to make an occasional grog. Her presence brought smiles on every face. Nothing pleased her more than to spend a couple of hours with a poor laborer's wife, helping to put her place to rights, and to mend and patch the children's clothes, besides giving little hints about cooking simple food in a way which softened the workman's heart toward his wife as he sat beside his fire after supper on winter evenings reading the periodicals provided by Miss Hesketh or smoking his pipe.

Evelyn was twenty-two, bewitching to look at, without being strictly beautiful, and perfectly happy with her widowed father and all her children, as she called her poor, to look after. And then, was she not engaged to Ralph Westerton, who had met her at the home of a mutual friend when she was eighteen, and completely stolen what her cottagers had left her in the way of a heart.

Mr. Hesketh had given his consent to the engagement, provided there was no talk of their marriage until Evelyn was twenty-three. He should then allow her eight hundred a year during his life-time, and all his should be hers at his death.

Mr. Westerton could hardly be looked upon as a good match for Evelyn, as his income only amounted to five hundred dollars a year, part of which he derived from a government office and the rest from his parents. He was very good-looking, well-mannered and amiable when it was policy to cultivate amiability; he had one fault, not uncommon to the species—an inordinate and almost abnormal love of self.

Mr. Hesketh was not slow to perceive that Evelyn would be her lover's second thought when married and had tried to make her see her future husband's selfishness, but she could not be brought to see in her Ralph anything but perfection and as this was the only subject that ever brought the faintest semblance of a smile on her fair forehead her devoted parent gave up the subject, as a far-thinking parent should, for it never does any good to find fault with the object of a blind devotion, to the victim of Cupid's keen shaft.

Another year sped on, Evelyn fondly loving, and Ralph amiably accepting, and, to the extent of his ability, reciprocating his fiancée's devotion. Christmas was drawing near, and it was to be Evelyn's last in the old home as Miss Hesketh. The marriage was to take place in the first month of the new year; milliners, and dress-makers were busy over Evelyn's trousseau, while she was preparing presents for her beloved poor. Who would have thought that in four short weeks a wave of misfortune could come across this peaceful happy village Queen of Hearts and knock her completely over?

THE KNAVE OF CLUBS.

Ralph Westerton was just finishing his dinner at his club when he caught sight of Phil, Lovedale, a member of the Junior, but a rare visitor there, as his life was mostly spent in Near-shire, where he was agent to Lord Broadlands, of whom Mr. Hesketh had bought his little estate.

'Hallo, Lovedale, you are the very man I want to see. Sit down and tell me all you know about the Heskeths. Did you ever know such an unlucky devil as I am?'

'Yes, a much more unlucky one. Hesketh himself,' said Philip Lovedale, sitting down, and apparently quite forgetting that he had come in to have a hurried dinner before leaving town by the last train.

'Who would have thought that old Hesketh was such an ass as to have all his eggs in one basket. I had no idea Grimby's bank collapse could have swamped him so utterly. And then his committing suicide.'

'I can not tell you how it has upset me,' said Westerton plaintively, as he finished his glass of very good Burgundy, not without an apparent appreciation of its extra quality. 'Evelyn has written very nicely about it.'

'I was told Miss Hesketh was ill with brain fever,' said Lovedale.

'Yes, she is, poor creature, but her answer to my letter, breaking off our engagement, was written before she was taken ill.'

'Your letter—breaking off your engagement—I don't quite understand,' said Lovedale as he looked intently at Westerton.

'Why, of course, I couldn't marry her now she has lost her money. I have barely enough to keep myself, so I wrote and told her so in appropriate language; and she wrote back to say I was the best judge of the matter, and that she was quite willing all should be over between us. And Westerton took out a cigar case, and felt two or three cigars before selecting one.

Philip Lovedale's weather-beaten, manly face had gone a shade paler, and he was silent for a few moments. His look when his friend was choosing a cigar suggested a wish and intention of seizing that gentleman by the throat and shaking the life out of him, but he instantly checked this inclination, as many has to do, and finding that he could not make any but the most uncomplimentary comment on his friend's conduct wisely turned the conversation.

'I have been up north to the funeral of a dear old aunt, and had to remain away two days later than I expected. I am going back to Uplands to-night. By the by, I had better eat something before I go, as I shall get in late,' and he rang the bell, ordering 'anything that was ready,' when it was answered.

'Old lady left you anything, Lovedale?' asked Westerton.

'A thousand pounds.'

'Not much, but better than nothing. Well, good-by, old fellow, I must be off. I am going to take some girls to the play. You have heard me speak of the Carton-Smythe. Plenty of money, but good looks rather scarce. Ta, ta,' with which remark Westerton got himself into his overcoat, and with a glance at a looking glass which reflected back a look of satisfaction, he left the club. Lovedale ate two or three mouthfuls of his dinner, and then gave it up as too great an effort. He looked long and earnestly into the fire without moving. At last he looked at his watch, and shortly afterward jumped into a hansom and then into a train, which bore him still silent and thoughtful to his small home in the country. He had been a frequent visitor at the Heskeths, discussing agriculture with the father, and the possible improvements in the condition of the poor with the daughter. People knew very little about him, as he was always reticent in his own affairs, but an idea had got about that he was looked at very favorably by Lord Broadland's third daughter, and well received by the father, with whom he was a favorite. However, as he had never had his name coupled with that of any lady, the neighbors invented an unfortunate love affair, as it seemed to them quite impossible that such a nice man as Philip Lovedale should have reached the age of thirty without an episode of romance to account for his silence about himself.

WITHIN AN ACE OF SPADES.

It was all too true—Grimby's failure had carried away Mr. Hesketh's fortune, earned by years of hard work, and his brain had not been strong enough to bear the calamity. He had gone up to town to ascertain the exact extent of his misfortune, had found the rumor to be a fact, and purchasing a revolver, shot himself in the train, within a mile of his own station. Evelyn was there to meet him and to cheer him, as she knew how shaken he had been on hearing of the failure of Grimby's bank. But poor Hesketh had aimed at himself carefully, and when the train ran into the station he was dead.

The shock of her father's death utterly unnerved poor Evelyn for several days. The loss of her fortune was nothing to her, excepting as an auxiliary to the loss of her parent. Mr. Westerton was in Paris when it all happened, so she could not expect him to be with her in her sudden trouble she had written him a few lines, telling him what had happened. Westerton, however, had heard the news of the bank failure from other sources, and had read the account of Mr. Hesketh's suicide in the newspaper before receiving Evelyn's letter. He had written to tell her how shaken he was by her sorrow (Westerton could always write more than he felt), that if he could be of any service to her she had only to command him, but that it was better to quite understand their situation towards each other since the events of the last two days, and that as it was impossible for him to carry out his intention of marrying, he being a poor man, it was better perhaps that they should both be spared the pain of another meeting.

This was the straw that broke the camel's back. Evelyn's old nurse found her darling unconscious on the floor, with the letter in her hand. When she recovered she nerved herself to answer in a way that Westerton had approved of, but after this last strain her brain completely gave way, and fever having set in, her death was hourly expected.

Lovedale arrived at Uplands at 11 at night. It was bitterly cold there having been a severe frost for some days. The snow lay thick on the roads, rendering the use of horses to be avoided, if possible. It was only a mile to his cottage, and he was glad of the walk, in the clear December moonlight. The solitary porter carried his portmanteau to the Broadland Arms a little village inn. Lovedale made arrangements for having it fetched early in the morning. As he passed the bar he exchanged a few words with the landlord on the frostiness of the night, which, he concluded accounted for the number of customers for spirit comforts.

'Well, sir,' said Mr. Thomas, 'there's a good many of them in there, but they're sore cut up about Miss Hesketh.'

'Is she—worse?' asked Lovedale, with an accent of a man who was afraid to ask if she were dead.

'They say she can not live till morning, Mr. Lovedale; there's two doctors from London with her, be-

sides Mr. Bryant. She will be sadly missed here. They are talking of nothing else in the parlor there. Old Molds, the grave digger, is laid up with the bronchitis, and the laboring men are arranging among themselves about the digging of the poor girl's grave, the frost being so hard that it will be tough work. She is much beloved here, as you know, sir, and there is not a man in the parish but what is determined to use his spade to make her last resting place.'

Lovedale heard all this as in a dream. He resolved to go straight to Miss Hesketh's home, instead of his own place, to hear if matters were really as bad as every one seemed to think, and also to offer his services to Evelyn's old nurse. He bade the landlord good-night and set out on his three-mile walk. His thoughts mostly running on the probability of her loss of fortune providing a gain, by having been the means of the loss of her lover, should she live to appreciate the fact.

THE KING OF DIAMONDS.

It is April, a soft southerly wind gently sways the sails of the Waterwitch as it lies at anchor just out of the bay of Naples. A pale and delicate-looking girl is lying on a sofa on the deck. She has not long recovered from a very severe illness, and seems only just conscious of her surroundings. A middle-aged woman is closely watching her.

'Where am I, Fletcher?' asked Miss Hesketh of her old nurse, as she holds her faithful attendant's hand.

'On the sea, my darling.'

'Yes, I know that, but which sea? The nurse hesitates before answering. 'We are in Italy, my lamb.'

'Italy?' Then she pauses, and tries to reflect.

'How did we come here?'

'You have been ill a long time now, but you soon will be all right again. The doctor said the only thing we could do to save your life was to take you right away from England, and so we brought you here.'

'Who is he, Fletcher? And whose yacht is this?'

'A kind friend lent it to us, dear; don't trouble your mind about anything, there's a pet; just get well.'

'I don't remember any friend of ours having a yacht, Fletcher. It does not trouble me; I should like to know. In fact I shall be troubled if I don't know.'

'Mr. Lovedale got it—from a friend of his.'

'Mr. Lovedale! He was always so kind. Poor Papa was very fond of him. But, Fletcher, as we lost everything, how could we manage to come to Italy?'

'It was all done for us, dear. I don't know—Providence did it.'

There was no more said at the time, but a few days after Evelyn again pumped her old nurse, who had never been able to hide anything from her young mistress, and by degrees she found out that Mr. Lovedale had taken the responsibility of her cure in his own hands. He had hired the yacht for four months; he had paid all the expenses of the doctors and journey. Fletcher had been most pliable in his hands, her only thought being to save her darling's life. She had once remonstrated with Mr. Lovedale on the money he was spending, knowing him to be a man who worked for his income but he had overcome all her scruples.

'Look here, Fletcher,' he had said, 'you may look upon what I am doing as a disinterested action, but it is nothing of the sort, and I know you will keep my secret as a mark of gratitude, since I ask you to do so. Miss Hesketh is loved to me more than all the world. I have loved her ever since she was seventeen, but when I saw her preference for Mr. Westerton I determined never to let her know what she was to me. When he threw her over my time came. I might not be able to win her affections, but at any rate I might save her life. The doctors rightly said that nothing but a complete change of scene would bring her back to health. I have just come into £1,000, and could not have found a better way of spending it. There is enough left to keep her comfortably for two more years; during that time not a word to her of all that I have told you. If I can win her, then I shall be the happiest man I know, and have just enough to keep her. If she can never care for me it will be time enough to see what can be done for her. As soon as she is well enough to return to England you and she can have the cottage just outside Lord Broadland's west Lodge. She will, perhaps, like to be near her old friends again.'

And so it was settled. Fletcher kept her promise in keeping Mr. Lovedale's secret. Evelyn worked once again among her cottagers. Philip Lovedale saw her almost daily. After two years he began to suspect that he was not indifferent to her, and one spring evening, nearly three years after Mr. Hesketh's death, he held Evelyn in his arms, and kissed her uplifted and unresisting face.

Failures in Life.

People fail in many ways. In business, in morality, in religion, in happiness and in health. A weak heart is often an unsuspected cause of failure in life. If the blood does not circulate properly in the lungs, there is shortness of breath, asthma, etc.; in the brain, dizziness, headache, etc.; in the stomach, liver, pain, indigestion, faint spells, etc.; in the liver, torpidity, constipation, etc. Pain in the left side, shoulder and stomach is caused by heart strain. For all these maladies Mr. Miles' New Cure for the heart and lungs is the best remedy. Sold, guaranteed and recommended by L. Leist, Treatise free.

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Hints to Fishermen.
The most symmetrical pole doesn't always catch the most fish. Always fish in muddy water. Turtles and small "catfish" are sure to bite at such a time.

When fly fishing carry in your hat no less than one dozen flies. This is always an indication of being an experienced angler.

Never use a net when using a fly pole. When a bass is hooked attempt to haul him out as though he were a small sunfish. If you use a net you might possibly catch him and destroy the tale of "the big one you hooked, but which escaped."

Fish with a pole as thick as a man's arm, use a mason's cord, the largest hook manufactured and tie a ten pound weight to the end of the line. The weight makes a big "splash" when cast into the water and may attract the attention of the bass.

For good fishing always select a "slough" away from the creek, and anchor your line firmly. Fish might bite at the bait and destroy it if it were submerged in the Brandywine.

Never go "fishin'."—West Chester News.

A New Occupation.

The latest occupation open to women is that of lamp carer. I don't know if that's what the ladies who take care of lamps call themselves, but that's what they really are. There are two in the city now, or there will be two during the winter. They are "reduced gentlemen," and each morning they visit a number of houses and clean, fill and "fix" the various fine lamps set before them. The average servant can do nothing with a lamp but spill oil; but these ladies don their aprons and rubber gloves, clean the outside and inside of the lamps, see that the wicks are in good order, fill the lamps and leave them so that even the stupidest servant cannot prevent them from burning well.

They have studied lamps, know the right kinds and sizes of wicks, know whether colza oil is needed in one kind of lamps and "starlight" in another, and altogether they take away from the owners a great deal of the care which the management of the redicovered and much multiplied lamps brings upon them.—Chatter.

Dutch Training at Sea.

When the Prinz Frederik collided with the English ship Marpesa on June 25 the commander of a detachment of Dutch colonial forces which happened to be on board immediately ordered the assembly sounded, and the men fell in on the deck like clockwork in the face of certain loss to the ship. Their conduct was an invaluable example to the passengers and crew, for, although the entire company were then transferred to the boats with perfect quiet and dispatch, the Prinz Frederik went down as the last boat left her side. She carried with her six Dutch privates and an officer, who doubtless had been overwhelmed by the waters rushing in at the point of collision.—Chicago Herald.

The Red Cross Society.

Senator Sherman has introduced in the senate a bill to incorporate the Red Cross society, with Clara Barton, George Kennan and other well known persons as incorporators. The purpose of this society, briefly stated, is to mitigate distress in the emergencies of war and peace. This mission of humanity and charity has been amply justified on many occasions, and nowhere more notably than in the appalling calamity at Johnston, in this state. Valuable as the Red Cross society has proven in the past as a volunteer auxiliary of the governmental departments its future in an incorporated form should show an increased measure of usefulness.—Philadelphia Record.

Killed by a Performing Leopard.

At the palace of Bangkok the other day a performing leopard was brought in for the amusement of one of the young Siamese princes. In one prince's retinue was a young girl of about 14 years of age. The leopard jumped on her breast. It was merely in play, said the animal's care taker, who begged her not to be frightened, but in another moment the leopard had seized the girl by the throat, and she died in sight of the horrified spectators, who fled in panic.—London News.

The mayor of Newport, Mont., declared some new baths open. He then withdrew, and throwing aside his robes of office reappeared before the large gathering of ladies and gentlemen in a bathing suit. Plunging into the water he swam the full length of the bath, and his example was followed by several town councillors and policemen.

A family by the name of Moore, living six miles west of Columbus, Ind., has a peculiar and distinguishing family mark running through three generations. At a reunion held recently it was learned that out of twenty-seven persons, who represented the three generations, nineteen had six toes on each foot.

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In Basement of Court House in Na-
poleon, Ohio, on the 1st and 2d Sat-
days in March and the 1st and 2d Sat-
urdays in April and May, the 1st Sat-
urday in June, July and August, the
1st and 2d Saturdays in September
and the 1st and 2d Saturdays in Octo-
ber, the 1st and 2d Saturdays in No-
vember, and the 1st Saturdays in De-
cember, January and February.

Evidence of good moral character will be required
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some reliable source.

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MRS. SUBWELSTED,
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Feb 29-78.

TO WEAK MEN

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